

CHARIVARIA.

The flood of election oratory reached its height last week, and one was reminded irresistibly of the statement in the schoolboy's essay on Capital Punishment that "in some countries they put people to death by elocution."

The tendency of parliamentary candidates to publish their portraits on posters seems to be increasing. We cannot help thinking that some of them commit a serious tactical blunder in doing so.

Erected formerly for the defence of London, a fort in the Surrey hills near Dorking is now used for rearing chickens. "Hen-roosts," as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would say, "are more useful than fortifications."

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING has called one of his critics "a blot of scum." If Mr. IRVING is not very careful he will one day be standing for Parliament.

After all, the great new war harbour which the Austrian Government is to construct at Sebenico on the Adriatic is not a preparation for the conflict with Great Britain. The Berlin *Lokal-anzeiger* tactfully points out that it is to serve as a menace to Austria's dear friend and ally, Italy.

From Washington it is announced that Mr. ROOSEVELT has discovered a new animal resembling a fox in British East Africa. Let's hope it will not prove to be merely a North Pole-cat.

A distinguished preacher having expressed the belief that the end of all things is approaching, and that the world may be destroyed by a huge conflagration, the Wallsend Town Council are realising their responsibilities to the inhabitants, and have taken steps to improve the protections against fire in the town by installing an electric system and enlarging their fire-station.

A sensational incident occurred in the Paris Law Courts last week when a man suddenly appeared in the corridors in a state of absolute nudity. He was held to be a madman, but there is a malicious

rumour afloat to the effect that he was merely an unsuccessful litigant whom the lawyers had done with.

"A large number of women in Bethnal Green," said Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT, at the Coroner's Court, "do not know their husbands' names. They marry 'Bill,' and there it ends." It looks as if the estate of marriage was a simpler thing than we had supposed.

a Bristol lodging-house and been tackled and soundly thrashed by two representatives of the gentle sex.

Dr. SPEHLE, of Frankfort, urges housewives to see that their linen is thoroughly ironed, as that is the safest way of destroying microbes. Many tender-hearted women, however, cannot stand the shrieks of the little mites as they perish this way.

From the "Wanted" column of a provincial contemporary:—

YOUNG LADY (by birth) daily to help in house and with two little children.

This interests us, as we have always understood that we were young by birth, but never knew that there was any special demand for such persons.

Twenty pounds are to be distributed in prizes by the Underground Railway for the best show of flowers grown in small gardens along the line. It is not, we believe, generally known that many persons, unable to stand the noise of the motor traffic on the main roads, are now building little villas underground where they can enjoy comparative quiet.

From a letter in *The Clarion*:—

"Meetings everywhere are crowded out. . . . Not only that, but luke-warm sympathisers are burning red-hot enthusiasts."

This is carrying the thing to extremes. Still, it does prevent overcrowding.

"The society for the prevention of animals received \$5,000."—*Halifax (N.S.) Evening Mail*.

We should recommend the society to concentrate on preventing insects. Preventing, say, an angry rhinoceros is dangerous work.

"The whole of the 2,000 guests on arrival went straight to their own tables, for all had been booked beforehand."—*Gentleman*.

In these circumstances the sooner one got going on the *hors d'œuvre* the better.

"Mr. Curtice advised that Mr. Soares should keep his hair on. (Loud dissent.)"—*North Devon Journal*.

The audience must have been hoping that Mr. SOARES would go for Mr. CURTICE bald-headed.



JACK ASHORE.

Fond Mother. "YOU'RE NEVER SATISFIED, JACK. WHEN YOU GO TO SEA YOU'RE HOME-SICK, AND WHEN YOU COME HOME YOU'RE SEA-SICK."

Once it was said that we were slow to catch on to new ideas. The reproach is no longer deserved. Every day we have proof of this. Last week *The Athenaeum* appeared with cut edges.

At a meeting held last week in Notting Dale, from which scarcely a housebreaker of distinction was absent, it was unanimously resolved that it was high time that something was done to prevent the spread of Suffragette tactics among women. The meeting was called to consider the case of one of the fraternity, who had made his way recently into

"O TO BE IN ENGLAND."

[To a retired Member of Parliament, in his villa at Cap Martin.]

WHAT time, my friend, I picture you
(So distance yields to Fancy's wand)
Against a sky of sapphire blue,
With sea to correspond,

Envy of your Elysian lot,
A bitter envy, gnaws my breast,
Prisoned at home when home is not
Behaving at its best.

Here under wintry skies and gray,
Selling our little remnant souls,
We bite and scream and scratch our way
To victory at the polls.

But you, in your enchanted air,
You miss our mud-pies, rich and thick,
Discharged at random with a prayer
That some at least may stick.

You miss our nausea (*vide note**),
When BEGGIE, moist with unctuous pride,
Pledges his word that Heaven shall vote
On his (on HAROLD'S) side.

Ah, how I pine and even pant
After your dusk-green olive groves,
There to escape from sickly cant,
Black lies and ditto leaves;

To pace the shore by those "reserves"
Where residential oysters are,
Or up the woodland way that curves
To lovely Castellar.

Or Monte's Shrine of Chance for me,
Where a great peace and silence reign,
And any loud remark would be
Resented as profane.

I picture you in that fair scene
Putting your *mille-note* on the red;
See your resigned and gentle mien
When black comes up instead.

"'Tis Luck," you say, and bear the blow,
And put a brace of *mille-notes* on,
And still preserve a genial glow
When they likewise are gone.

O what a lesson there for us!
You turn no hair, your lips are dumb,
While we make all this beastly fuss
About a pendulum—

So much the sport of every breeze
That none who brags of rise or drop
Knows where (to forty-five degrees)
The thing intends to stop.

O. S.

* The following specimen lines are extracted from Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE'S electioneering "hymn" for Radicals in *The Daily Chronicle* :—

"For the hour of doom has sounded, lo, the mighty are put down,
He hath said, 'Thou fool' to Midas, and on Dives falls His iron rod,
But He calls His little children to the Kingdom and the crown,
And He shall lead them on."

THE HEDGERS.

A NUMBER of Parliamentary Candidates, anxious that the country should know the real reasons for the result of the poll, have sent us in advance alternative explanations, leaving us to select the right ones according to their success or failure. Unfortunately we have to go to press before the first results of the General Election come in, and the best we can do is to print both reasons in each case.

WHY I WON.

Because I said I should from the beginning.

A.'s Reasons.

Because I was careful to deal only in facts, and the truth, as it ever must, prevailed.

B.'s Reasons.

Because right is might and must be victorious.

C.'s Reasons.

Because of the clear and ringing lead given by our honoured captains.

D.'s Reasons.

Because I was too much for the pensions lie.

E.'s Reasons.

Because I knew at the outset that I had the honour of leading a forlorn hope.

Because the subtle calumny of my opponent were too strong for one who fought only with clean weapons.

Because the gangs of bruisers employed by my opponent prevented me at my meetings from pointing the electors to their duty.

Because the deplorable confusion of issues and the want of concerted action on the part of our so-called leaders.

Because the pensions lie was too much for me.

ELECTION STATISTICS.

OR, FACTS AT LAST!

If the number of leaflets, etc., distributed up to last Saturday were placed across Westminster Bridge, it would take six men a considerable time to remove them, and would probably cause a temporary stoppage of the tramway service.

The 670 members who will comprise the new House of Commons would, if packed close together in the Serpentine, displace about 38 tons of water. [Note.—The SPEAKER is not included in this calculation.] It is doubtful, however, if the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS would allow the experiment to be made.

As the names of at least two women have somehow crept into the Register, we have the curious result that of the 7½ odd million voters only a fraction over 99 per cent. are men.

The following interesting table shows by means of percentages the words or phrases most commonly used (excluding Free Trade, Budget, Tariff Reform, Peers and People, Pensions, &c.) up to the time of going to press :—

Lie (common)	25	Demagogue	3
" (frigid and calculated)	13	Backwoodsman	11
Aged Poor	9	Firstborn	3
Welsh Solicitor	2	Tyrants	5
Ananias	7	Scaremonger	9
Black bread	4	I apologise	1
Limehouse	8		100

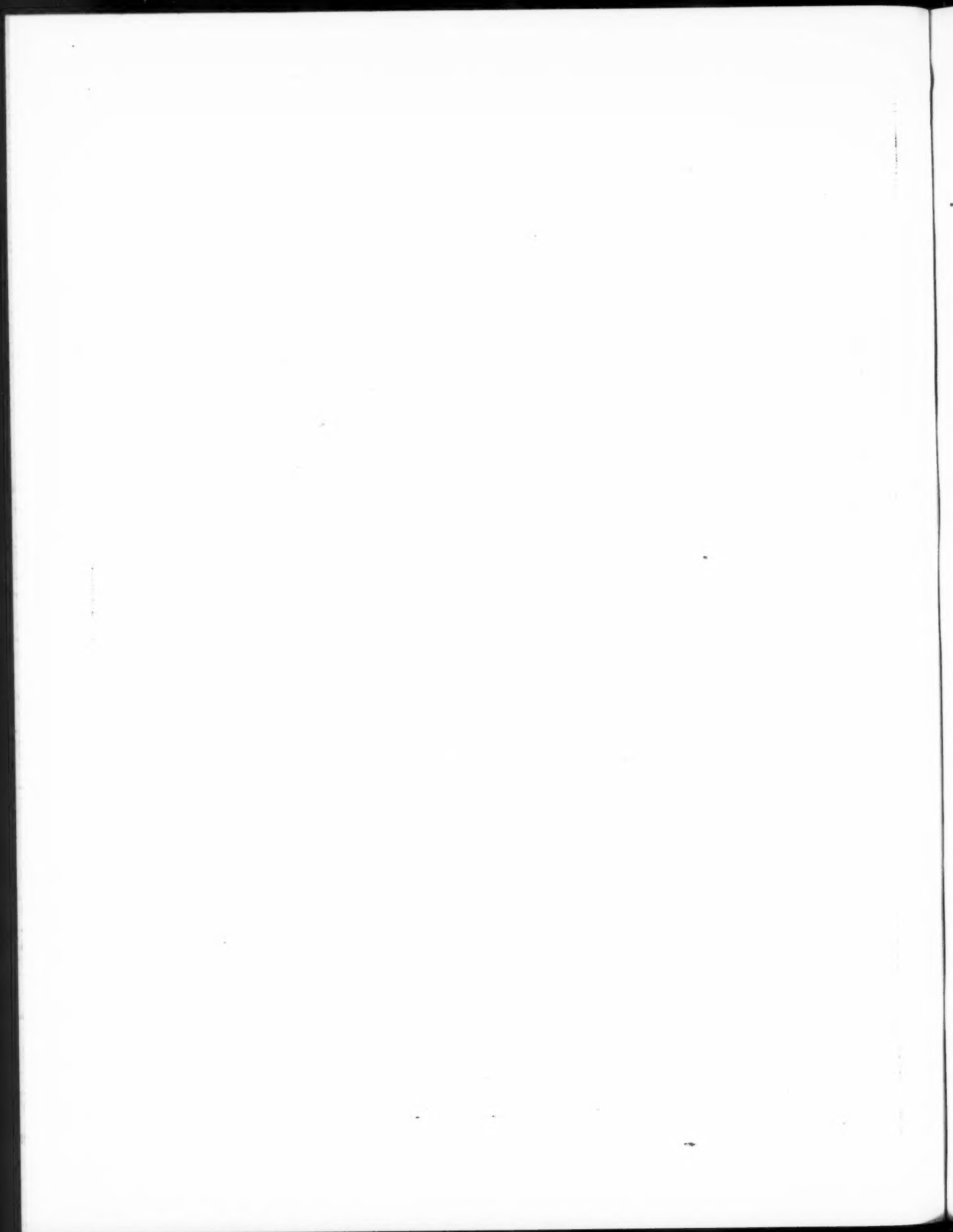


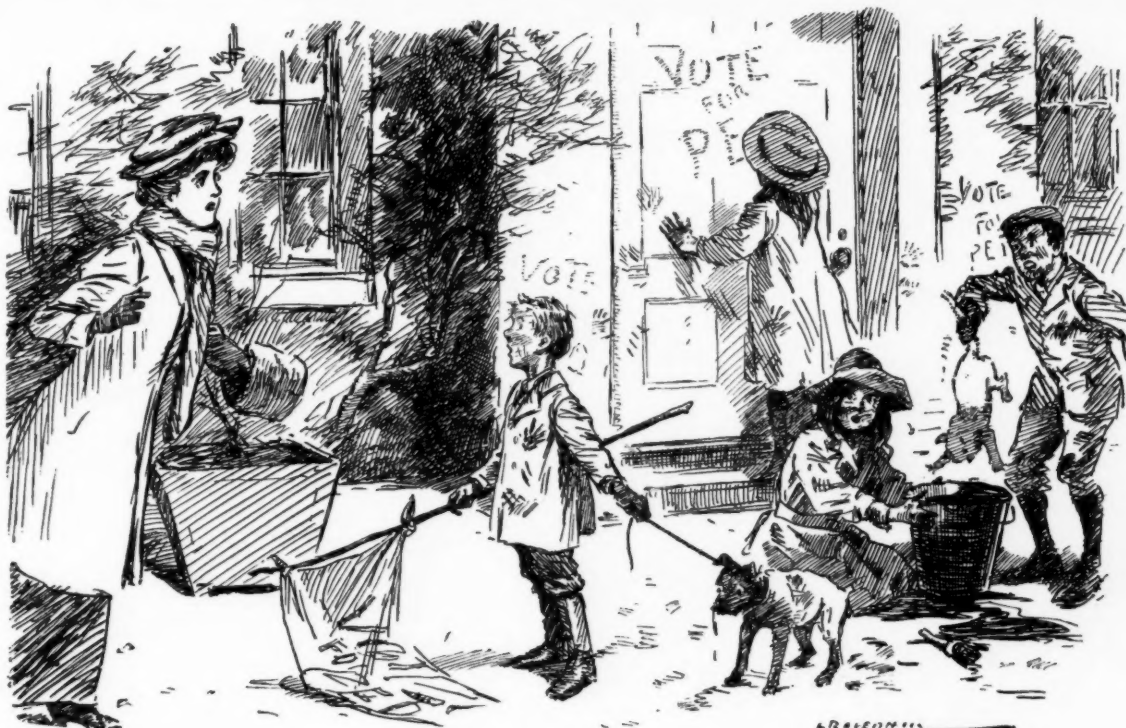
- F.H. OXLEY END 1910

THE COLOUR QUESTION.

BRITISH WORKMAN (to GERMAN COMRADE). "MY POOR FRIEND, I HEAR THAT UNDER YOUR FISCAL SYSTEM YOU ARE REDUCED TO EATING BLACK BREAD!"

GERMAN WORKMAN. "MY DEAR FELLOW, MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU. I HEAR THAT UNDER YOUR FISCAL SYSTEM YOU HAVE TO PUT UP WITH WHITE!"





TOO BLUE.

Mother. "Oh, you filthy little wretches! What are you up to now?"

Reggie. "Well, F'ather said this morning that everybody ought to do something to help the cause, an' we 're just gettin' ready to f'rade the village!"

THE VOICE AND THE QUESTIONS.

A Candidate to his Agent.

WHAT do I hear? Another meeting? No!
Oh, Sir, be merciful! Consider, Sir,
I have had sixty meetings; and two more
Are on the programme for to-night, and you
Would add a third one to the hideous list.
No, Sir, I can't, and that's the truth of it.
My reservoir of phrases has run dry;
The leaflets are exhausted: I have said
All that is printed there a hundred times.
You've heard me say it, you yourself have heard,
One hundred times, and now at last I strike.
Was it for this that I have left my home,
My humble but my comfortable home?
Was it that I might be, what now I am,
The dull retailer of machine-made words,
The cheered, the groaned, the questioned Candidate?
Pluck up, you say, your spirit; be a man;
Two days remain, two paltry little days,
And voters thronging from ten thousand homes
Shall make you victor in the dreadful fray.
But think, Sir, there's the Voice that interrupts,
The fearful, mocking, ever-present Voice.
Last night it came as usual. I had said,
"Your bread," and there I paused; and then the Voice:
"Will cost us more unless we keep you out."
And then the meeting laughed and I was dumb.
On other nights when I have praised the Lords,

"We've had too much of them, too much of you,"
Broke in the Voice, and I was done again.
And, oh, the questions! When, my speech at end,
The Chairman rises blandly and declares,
"Now, gentlemen, you've heard the Candidate;
If any here are still dissatisfied,
Up with you; put your questions to him straight.
He'll gladly give you answers, never fear."
And so the torture-chamber is prepared,
And I, the victim, fixed upon the rack
Three times a night, and I must smile as though
My keenest pleasure lay in being there.
No, Sir, I've had enough. I'll do no more.
And when the two remaining days are past,
And even the shouting's over, I shall fly
To some deserted island of the South,
Where never men hold meetings, since there are
No men, thank heaven, to hold them; and no Voice
Nor any question comes from any throat
To break the sunlit silence of the shore.

"But we must look on this war with Germany as not a thing impossible, but a thing quite probable. I sincerely hope it will not take place, but I fear it is inevitable. If war with Germany took place, what would be the position of the Isle of Man? I think it would mean the ruin of the Island. It would kill all chances of a successful season, upon which the Island depends. But there is another view to look at."—*The Isle of Man Weekly Times.*

Yes, yes, so there is. . . . But of course it would spoil the season.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER III.—A REHEARSAL.

"Now this is a very simple trick," said Archie from the centre of the stage. "For this little trick all I want is a hippopotamus and a couple of rubies. I take the hippopotamus in one hand—so—and cover it with the handkerchief. Then, having carefully peeled the rubies—"

Thomas put the last strip of silver paper on to his axe and surveyed the result proudly.

"But how splendid!" said Myra as she hurried past. "Only you want some blood." And she jumped over the footlights and disappeared.

"Good idea. Archie, where do you keep the blood?"

"Hey presto, it's gone. And now, Sir, if you will feel in your waistcoat pockets you will find the hippopotamus in the right-hand side and the red ink in the left. No? Dear, dear, the hippopotamus must have been a bad one."

"Be an artist, Thomas," I said, "and open a vein or two. Do the thing properly, Beerholm. But soft, a winsome maid, in sooth; I will approach her. I always forget that sooth bit. But soft, a win—"

"Why don't we begin?" asked Simpson; "I can't remember my part much longer. Oh, by the way, when you come up to me and say, 'Your Majesty e'en forgets the story of the bull's-eye and the revolving bookcase—'"

"Go away; I don't say anything so silly."

"Oh, of course, it's Blair. Blair, when you come up to me and say—"

They retired to the back of the stage to arrange a very effective piece of business.

"Any card you like, Madam, so long as it is in the pack. The Queen of Hearts? Certainly. Now I take the others and tear them up—so. The card remaining will be yours. Ah, as I thought—it is the Queen of Hearts."

"Archie, you're talking too much," said Dahlia, "and none of it comes into your part really."

"I'm getting the atmosphere. Have you an old top hat on you, dear, because if so we'll make a pudding. No top hat? Then pudding is horf."

"But stay, who is this approaching? Can it be— I say, mind the footlights. When are we going to begin?"

"There!" said Thomas proudly. "Anybody would know that was blood."

"How perfectly ripping," said Myra. "Only you want some notches."

"What for?"

"To show where you executed the other men, of course. You always get a bit off your axe when you execute anybody."

"Yes, I've heard that, too," I agreed. "Notches, Thomas, notches."

"Why don't you do something for a change? What about the trap or whatever it is you catch your bally rats with? Why don't you make that?"

"It isn't done with a trap, Thomas dear. It's partly the power of the human eye and partly kindness. I sit upon a sunny bank and sing to them."

"Which is that?"

"If we don't begin soon—" began Simpson.

"Hallo, Emperor, what's that you're saying? Quite so, I agree with you. I wonder if your High Fatness can lend me such a thing as a hard-boiled egg. Simpson, when this rehearsal is over, that is to say to-morrow, I'll take you on at juggling; I'm the best—"

Derry finished his conversation with Miss Fortescue and turned to the stage.

"Now then, please, please," he said. "We'll just take the First Act. 'Scene, The Emperor's Palace. Enter Ratcatcher.' You come on from the left."

I coughed and came on.

My part was not a long one, but it was a very important one. I was the connecting link between the different episodes of the play, and they wanted some connecting. Whenever anybody came on to the stage, I said (supposing I was there, and I generally was—the ratcatcher of those days corresponding to the modern plumber)—I said, "But who is this?" or "Hush, here comes somebody." In this way the attention of the wakeful part of the audience was switched on to the new character, and continuity of action was preserved.

I coughed and came on.

"No," said Derry, "you must come on much more briskly."

"I can't; I've been bitten by a rat."

"It doesn't say so anywhere."

"Well, that's how I read the part. Hang it, I ought to know if I've been bitten or not. But I won't show it if you like; I'll come on briskly."

I went out and came on very briskly.

"That's better," said Derry.

"His Majesty ordered me to be here at the stroke of noon," I said. "Belike he has some secret commands to lay upon me, or perchance it is nought but a plague of rats. But who is this?"

"Oh," said Myra, coming in suddenly, "I had thought to be alone."

"Nay, do not flee from me, pretty one. It is thus that— I say, Myra, it's no good my saying do not flee if you don't flee."

"I was just going to. You didn't give me a chance. There, now I'm fleeing."

"Oh, all right. It is thus that the rats flee when they see me approaching. Am I so very fearsome?"

"'Orrid," said Archie to himself from the wings.

"One moment," said Derry, and he turned round to speak to somebody.

"Pufflicky 'orrid," said Archie again.

"Nay, do not frown," Myra went on, "'tis only my little brother who is like unto a codfish himself, and jealous withal."

"Ay, ay, and I thought it was a codfish. So that I had e'en brought the egg-sauce with me."

"Trouble not thyself for that," said Archie. "For verily the audience will supply thee with all the eggs thou wantest. I say, we are being lunny."

"I'm not, I'm quite serious, I really did think it was a co— But tell me, fair one," I said hurriedly, "for what dost the Emperor want me?"

"Yes, yes," said Derry, "I'm sorry I had to interrupt you. I think perhaps we had better begin again. Yes, from the beginning."

The rehearsal rolled on.

"I think it went splendidly," said Myra. "If only we had known our parts, and come in at the right moments and been more serious over it."

"If there's any laughing to be done it will have to be done by us. The audience won't laugh."

"Mr. Derry having explained that the author was not in the house, the audience collected their cauliflowers and left quietly. I think it's a rotten play."

"Well, it isn't frightfully funny," said Myra, "but we can put that in ourselves."

"It's so jolly hard to say the lines properly—they're so unnatural," complained Thomas. "'Truly thou hast created a favourable impression with the damsel'—well, I mean, that's absurd. Any ordinary person would say, 'Truly thou art amongst them, old spot,' or something of that kind."

"Well, you say that, Thomas; you'll be all right."

"We might put a few songs in," said Dahlia, "and a dance or two."

"I think you've forgotten that we've only done Act I," remarked Archie. "His Majesty's conjurer doesn't really let himself go till Act II. Still, I'm all for a song and a dance. Simpson, come and Ap'che with me."

They dashed at each other fiercely.

"Oh, we'll make it go all right," said Myra. A. A. M.

Commercial Altruism.

"Do you wish that you were dead? Try Bushmills."—Advt. in "T.P.'s Weekly."

"Use of Floor for Visitors bringing their own Skates, 2d each Session."

The great "Se-sion" joke has never been put more neatly than this.

THE LEISURED CLASSES.

Dr. Wilson, in a recent lecture, had a good word to say for tramps: "They were not really a very bad class; they corresponded to the country gentleman."



"Don't know 'ow it is,—I seems dead hoff my 'drive,' some'ow! ab-serlootly rotten!!"



"Nothink much in the way o' distance this mornin', Blériot—not more 'n abaout two or three 'undred mile; 'cos we've got a Bridge porty liter hon."



"Top o' my form this mornin'! simply cawn't miss 'em! It's as treasy as kiss my 'and!"



"Bein' a J.P. I allus likes to put in an appearance nevery naow and agen. Goo' mornin', Constable."

DUAL PERSONALITY.

WHEN a thing goes astray, as it frequently may,
And is not to be found where I put it away,
I seem to become, says my *dimidium*,
More blind than a bat in the light of the day.
She is seized with the blues at the places I choose
To search for a trace of my second-best trews,
And she frowns as I grope with a vanishing hope
Through her blouses and skirts and diminutive shoes.
I can see her nerves shrink when I venture to think
They may be in the box with her ermine and mink,
And she'll probably ask, as I give up the task,
If I've looked in the scuttle and under the sink.

But when I'm at the office I am quite another me;

I can declare
Precisely where

Each thing I want should be.
There all is ordered sweetly,
And tidied up completely,
And docketed as neatly
As one could wish to see.
At least, that is the tale I drum
Into my dear *dimidium*.

When I'm making a hole in my hot buttered roll
It will frequently chance that the half of my soul
Will say, "You will 'phone to the Stores, ownest own,
And order a ton of the best kitchen coal."
"Very good," I reply, and I carefully tie
A knot in my hankie, and Citywards hie—
In the evening—great Scott!—I discover that knot
And wonder whoever has tied it, and why.
I puzzle my brain in attempts to explain
The knot and its meaning, but all is in vain
Till my ownest comes in and I hear her begin,
"Oh, silly, you've never forgotten again?"

But when I'm at the office I am quite another man,

For there I find
I bear in mind

As much as mortal can.
There I've no need to coddle
With tricky knots my noddle;
My memory's a model
Of order and of plan.
At least, that is the kind of tone
I practise on my ownest own.

When troubles appear, and the cook becomes queer
Regarding such questions as outings and beer,
When the porridge is clumps of impossible lumps
And I'm told to complain by the lady I fear,
Though I'm vastly impressed that she dares to suggest
A course so heroic, I haste to protest
That the stuff is all right, that I fancy it quite,
Then when it's like that it agrees with me best.
Then with masculine guile I endeavour to smile
As I start to absorb the detestable pile,
While my queen's upturned nose all too pointedly shows
That *she* knows that I know the mixture is vile.

But when I'm at the office I am not like that at all:

The clerks obey
Whate'er I say,

The typists rush at call;
The office-boys deliver
Their errands with a shiver,
The porters quake and quiver
When I pass through the hall.
At least, that is the kind of scene
I try to picture to my queen.

THE REMONSTRATOR.

I.—"DESIRABLE."

"Good morning," I said to the house agent. "I have come about that house with your bills in the window in the Upton Road."

He became intensely polite and placed a chair for me. "Oh, yes," he said; "you could not have made a better choice."

"I don't say that I have chosen it," I replied.

"No, perhaps not exactly chosen—yet," he said heartily. "But—well, you want to ask some questions about it."

"That's just it," I said. "I do."

"There's not a more desirable house in London," he ran on. "It's—"

But I interrupted him.

"You've come to the very point," I said. "'Desirable.' You call it a desirable residence, not only in speech, but in your bills. 'This desirable residence.'"

"Naturally," he answered. "How could we do otherwise?"

"Well," I said, "how long has it been empty?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said he. "Eighteen months, perhaps."

"Just over two years," I said.

He looked at me narrowly. "Is it so long?" he remarked.

"Well, what then?"

"What is your definition of 'desirable'?" I asked him.

"'Desirable'?" he said. "Why, to be desired, of course; something that people want."

"And yet," I said, "it has been empty for more than two years. But to proceed," I added. "I have been walking about this neighbourhood for some time, just out of curiosity, looking at the bills in the windows, and I have found no fewer than forty-five of your bills. They were on houses of every variety—big and little, neat and slovenly, detached and in rows, old and new—and every one is described as 'desirable.' Now surely you could do better than that? 'The English language is not so bankrupt as that?'"

He edged nearer the door.

"How," I asked, "can one epithet describe accurately forty-five totally different houses?"

He began to groan, which encouraged me.

"And think," I said, "how foolish it looks. To go on year after year calling this empty and forlorn house 'desirable.' People will begin to think you are not sane. No wonder your business does not flourish. No wonder your paint is so dirty. It's a confession of failure."

He whined. "What do you suggest?" he asked at last.

"Well," I said, "something nearer the truth. Such as 'This well-built if empty residence which sensible house-hunters would desire if they really examined it.' Something like that. You see I have kept 'desire' in. I know you couldn't get on without that."

He groaned again.

"Or," I continued, "'This small but comfortably arranged residence;' 'This warm and inexpensive residence;' 'This residence with six bedrooms and three reception rooms;' 'This conveniently-planned residence;' or even, as a last resource, 'This residence.' But, I implore you, not 'this desirable residence' when it isn't desired."

He rose at last and thanked me.

"Any way," he said, "you'll let me give you an order to view?"

"No, thank you," I said.

"But you should look over it," he said. "It's an excellent house, commodious, in every way des——" He stopped suddenly.

"But how did you know," he asked as an after-thought, "that it had been empty so long?"

"Because," I replied, "I live next-door."



Lady (to Committee-room Clerk, who hands her a small bill announcing a forthcoming political meeting). "BUT IS IT POSSIBLE FOR LADIES TO GO TO THESE MEETINGS?" Clerk. "WHY NOT?" *Lady. "I THOUGHT THEY WERE MORE OR LESS OF A ROUGH NATURE."* Clerk. "WELL, MADAM, WE'VE TAKEN EVERY POSSIBLE PRECAUTION TO KEEP OUT THE SUFFRAGETTES."

LOVE THE REDUCER.

WHEN first my love-sick form was thrown
For Dot's disdainful feet to flatten,
It turned the scale at fifteen stone,
And though I did my best to batten
On patent foods, like Anti-tum,
And exercises hard and rum,
They only used to fatten.

But, oh, the powers of passion spurned!
Where drugs and drills appeared to cosset
A breast increasingly concerned
To bring the buttons home across it,
Romantic grief began to melt
Like mountain snows beneath my belt
The adipose deposit.

Amanda's help was more than Dot's;
Her "No" (that nipped my prayers to win her)
Was worth its weight in gold, and lots
More use than eating toast for dinner;
And Laura, too, when she forsook
My life for ever, made me look
At least a belt-hole thinner.

I think the next were Blanche and Nell;
When they refused my hand (with jeering)
And all my shattered day-dreams fell,
Undoubtedly I found it cheering
When 'neath a bosom rent and raw,
Like long benighted friends I saw
My boot-tips re-appearing.

One disappointment more—should May
The sequence of her sisters follow
And melt a pound or so away,
Though all the world thenceforth were hollow,
'Twould comfort me, I feel, a bit
To know the suits I wore would fit
The Belvedere Apollo.

EVOR.

The Black Man's Burden.

The South Wales Echo, on the subject of the political crisis, states that "we are making history by sweeps." No names, however, are mentioned.

The Transformation.

"She has her mother's beautiful golden hair, which she still wears tied back with ribbons."—*The Onlooker*



Gwendolen (greatly shocked) "Oh, Mother! Baby's speaking to all sorts of people he doesn't know!"

THE VITAL ISSUES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The attitude of "Perplexed Patriot" in a recent issue of yours fills me with unmitigated compassion. But why worry about conflicting issues? His course should be as clear as mud. Take my case. Here am I, a resident in Kensington, where the Candidates were Lord CLAUD HAMILTON and Captain McILWAINE. I couldn't possibly vote for the Captain because he supports Woman Suffrage, and nothing will ever induce me to give the vote to a sex which prefers the music of CHOPIN to that of HANDEL. I suppose you will argue from this that I supported Lord CLAUD HAMILTON. Wrong again. He is Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Company; the climate of Norfolk always affects my liver, and I never go to Liverpool Street station without losing my temper. In those circumstances the duty of a patriot to abstain from the polling-booth was absolutely imperative.

Yours complacently,

RESOLUTE MUGWUMP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a convinced humanitarian and member of the Feline Defence Society, I have made it my

business to extract, if possible, pledges from the Liberal Candidates in the five divisions in which I have a vote to support the grant of a Government subsidy to the Society in question. So far I have entirely failed to obtain even an acknowledgment of my letters. Perhaps you will suggest some more effectual means of inducing them to listen to the voice of reason.

Yours faithfully,

ANTI-DREADNOUGHT.

The Nest, Catford Bridge.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the father of a family which I am attempting to bring up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, will you permit me to lodge a protest against the unspeakable vulgarity of the Tory literature that is being daily foisted upon my household? To take only one example, a few days ago my little boy, Theophilus Athanasius, aged seven, brought me a leaflet which had been insidiously thrust into my letter-box, bearing upon it the following couplet:—

"If you want to cheaply smoke
Then kick out the Liberal bloke."

Whatever my political opinions may be, is it not a gratuitous insult to imagine

that this revolting instance of the split infinitive would appeal either to me or to any other member of my family?

Indignantly yours,

DISGUSTED HOUSEHOLDER.

Worple Road, Wimbledon.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I count upon your well-known love of fairplay to give prominence to the following. Though I detest Home Rule and the Land Taxes, I am so firmly convinced that the true solution of all national problems is to be found in the scientific study of Phrenology that I shall be reluctantly obliged to withhold my vote from the Unionist Candidate in this Division, as he has refused to support a Bill making that subject compulsory in all elementary schools. The Liberal Candidate, on the other hand, promises that if the PRIME MINISTER introduces such a measure into his programme he will give it his benevolent consideration.

Faithfully yours,

JONAH BURDEKIN.

Planchette Villa, Leatherhead.

"THE DAMPAIGN IN BRECONSHIRE."

Hereford Times.

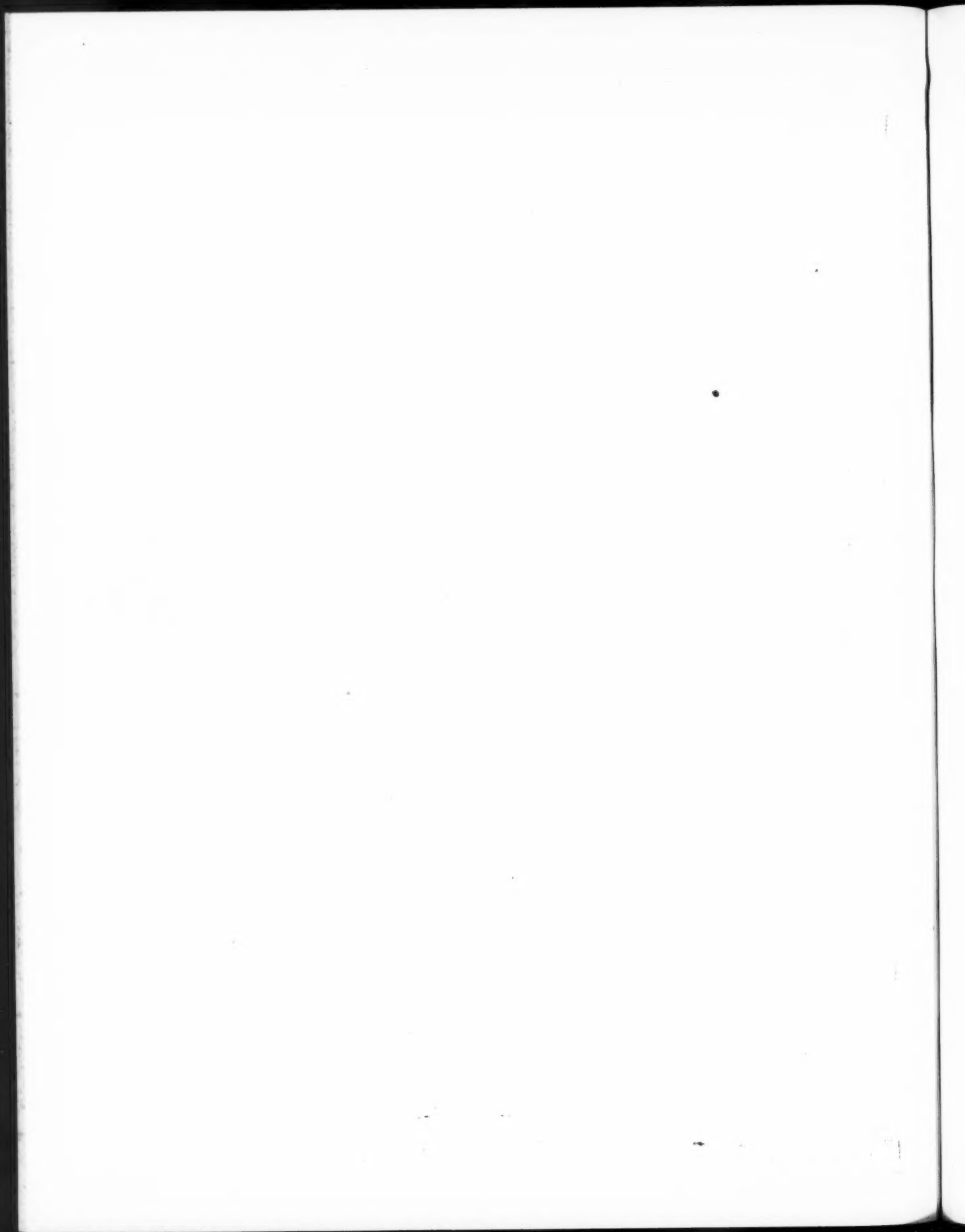
That's what it comes to, really.



THE GREAT ELECTION STAKES.

MR. PUNCH. "HERE THEY COME. NOW THEN, MA'AM, WHAT'S YOUR FANCY?"

BRITANNIA. "THANKS, I'M NOT BETTING; I ONLY HOPE THE BEST HORSE WILL WIN."



CHRISTMAS DRAMA IN 1959.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

THE Yule-tide attraction at Tonge's Theatre this year, a play performed entirely by grown-ups, is certain to draw large audiences, if only by reason of its piquant novelty. Spectators at the opening performance were enthusiastic over the quaint spectacle, and when at its conclusion the manager appeared before the curtain, leading by the hand a lady who could not have been a day less than thirty-five, the applause was tremendous. Now that the parents have a play written and acted especially for them, they will assuredly clamour to see it, and Mr. Tonge has very wisely arranged to give two performances daily of *The Herodians* till further notice.

Peter Pan celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday at the Citizen York's Theatre last evening, and is apparently as fresh and popular as ever. We are relieved to notice that at least one line in Act III., inexcusably mutilated in (we believe) the edition of 1934, is now restored to its original form. Another victory for the most enlightened government of modern times!

At other London houses the usual theatrical fare of the season continues in brisk demand. Drury Lane, now more than ever the nursery of the British drama, has again followed the precedent of the last twenty years in producing a spectacular kindergarten play, announced as the work of the youngest *littérateur* yet living. The entire book of the piece has, we understand, been dictated to a staff of nurses, the talented author being at present unable to read or write. As usual, a noteworthy feature is made of the orchestra, this year augmented by a number of rattles and coral bells, an innovation for which the audience on Boxing Night testified their approval by their hearty reception of Master Glover, *minimus*, on that talented youngster being lifted into the conductor's seat.

Meanwhile a striking echo of bygone taste was afforded last Sunday evening at the Galsworthy Hall, where a distinguished gathering of serious playgoers assembled to witness the much-talked-of revival of *Cinderella*, a *Christmas Pantomime*, by members of the Defunct Drama Society. The performance, if a trifle esoteric for popular enjoyment, proved on the whole undeniably interesting, care having been taken to ensure absolute accuracy of mounting—even to such details as coloured fires and the introduction of a genuine contemporary moon [coon?] song. Much of the humour, indeed, was so archaic as to be unintelligible



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING TECHNICAL.

Northern Farmer (on his way to the Poll, after conversation with Candidate). "WELL, THAT SETTLES 'T. DANGED IF AH VOTES FOR A FELLER AS TALKS ABOUT A HOSS'S LEFT FRONT LEG."

to modern ears; and though certain superior members of the audience affected to laugh hugely over such passages as the *Baron's* reference to tired kippers, or the demand by his eccentric wife for female suffrage, ordinary individuals might well be excused for wondering what it was all about. The experiment, though of some historical value, is hardly likely to be repeated.

"The terms were tempting, even for Madame Sarah Bernhardt: £1,000 for twenty-four performances in a month, each performance in a sketch to last ten minutes. This works out at a good deal over a guinea and a half a minute."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

It does indeed. What a lesson in moderation might be drawn by Candidates from the restrained methods of this statistician.

Fashion Hints.

"It is becoming usual now for men when calling to leave their hat and stick in the hall, except when foreigners."—*Daily Mail*.

Even in the case of a native the hat and stick may be taken into the drawing-room if it is understood that the visitor has called with the express purpose of thrashing his host. The hat, replaced on the head, will serve as a protection against retaliation.

"One of the Committee-rooms of Sir W. Dunn, Unionist candidate for West Southwark, was broken into during Friday night. . . . The intruder had scattered about the room a large number of canvassing cards, and disarranged a quantity of correspondence."

—*Manchester Guardian*.

It must have been a brisk affair while it lasted. Why should canvassers have it all their own way?

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ELECTIONS AND THINGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's not much left of your Blanche, after a strenuous time working to save the country. But I don't complain. One's country doesn't have to be saved *very* often, and saving it makes quite a nice break in one's ordinary amusements. It behoves us all (*isn't* that a lovely phrase?) I begin almost everything with it now!) to stand together, and join hands, and stem the tide, and all that sort of thing, don't you think?

We were having a rippin' time down at the Middle-shires' when Norty told us we'd all got to go to town and help to save the country. It was in this way. His old constituents in the North have turned out to be pigs of the first magnitude. They say they don't want him for their Member any longer, that he hasn't kept the promises he made them or introduced any of the measures he said he would, but has flourished away on his own, making speeches on subjects they don't care tuppence about. He says they're a rotten crowd, and that they may—but never mind about that. So he's standing for Grimy Green, a weird North-Eastern suburb of London that I'd never even heard of, and there I've been working myself half dead for a fortnight. Oh, the dingy little parlours I've penetrated to and the *immense* amount of information I've given in these two weeks! The big loaf, the little loaf, the tall loaf, the short loaf, the black loaf, the white loaf—I'd no idea I knew so much about loaves or anything else! (D'you want a wrinkle in canvassing, my ownest? Wear a fresh frock every day, and never leave off talking about The Loaf!)

Aunt Goldie has sprung a surprise on us. I don't defend Norty. The rôle of neglected wife is an impossible one to play well, and the worm will turn when neglected *too* much; but Aunt G. has proved quite the *turniest* of worms, and I *can't* forgive her for going over to the other side and helping a horrid Radical. The idea of letting private feelings influence one's politics! The only thing that could *possibly* excuse a woman for going over to the enemy

would be that their election colours might be more becoming to her complexion.

Talking of colours, my darling Pom-pom is a bit *affaissé* now that doggies have to match frocks, and I can only wear him when I'm dressed in brown. At the place I go to for match-dogs they're awfully clever at dyeing them. One of my canvassing days I was in blue, with a blue dog, and another day

together as they used to be. She's taken to writing impressionist stories and plays, and she does such queer things and goes to such queer places to get local colour and first-hand impressions that Bosh says he won't stand much more of it. One thing she did when she was writing *Lurid London* was to get herself up *en puvresse* and go and sit on a seat on the Embankment one evening. She got into chat with

a poor man, who told her he was out of a job and hadn't had anything to eat for a fortnight. This was a simply rippin' bit of local colour for Wee-Wee. "She didn't know people *could* go so long without food. She said she was a needlewoman who couldn't get any needling to do, that she'd been turned out of her lodgings that day—and she went on yarning till she gave her elf away (just like her!), and the man who'd had nothing to eat for a fortnight turned on her and said, "You're a fraud! I know you now. You're Wee-Wee Tresyllian, and I shal get no local colour from you!" And Wee-Wee said, "And I know you—and you're a fraud—and I shall get no local colour from you. You're Ray Rymington." And so it was, and he was out to get first-hand impressions for his poem, *The City of Terrible Tears*.

Have you heard of Lala Middleshire's new departure? Skating is her obsession, you know. She lives on skates and thinks on skates. She can do all the club figures right off the reel, including those frightfully diffy ones, Mustard-and-Cress and Donkey's Ears, without making the teeniest mistake. Well, she's nothing if not philanthropic, and she's founded a School for Teaching Fancy Skating to the Orphan Children of the Deserving Poor.

Subscriptions didn't come in fast enough, so Lala has generously resolved to give *herself* to the Cause. She will do a skating turn at the Magnificent, the Never-Say-Die, and the Gorgeous. The terms they offer her are enormous. It's the first time they've had a duchess in the bills. We all think it simply most immensely brave and splendid of her to sacrifice her own feelings and come before the public in aid of her pet Cause. The stage dress she will wear for her skating act will be a good deal like that of a



Friend. "Is it safe to send your stuff in a wrapper like that?"
Poet. "Well, I find it always comes back all right!"

I was in green, with a green one. Myself I carry the idea farther still, and hardly ever speak to anyone who doesn't match the toilette I happen to be wearing. Josiah was absurdly elated because I took him with me to tea at RUMPELMAYER'S the other afternoon. "This is as it should be," he said. "Husband and wife together." "My dear man," I screamed, "don't be so risky! I'm only wearing you to-day because I'm in red, and you've a red complexion!"

Bosh and Wee-Wee aren't so comfy



ON THE EVE OF THE POLL.

Opulent Radical (largely interested in land and brewery shares). "I'M AFRAID WE SHALL GET IN AGAIN, I'M AFRAID WE SHALL."

Principal Boy, with high military boots and a fur cap.

The Bullyon-Boundermere people continue their efforts to be in the movement, in spite of the snub courteous, the snub with circumstance, and the snub direct, as MILTON says. They've bought the Oldgores' place in Sussex, and on New Year's Eve gave one of those "Good Resolutions" parties that have been so popular. Towards midnight, you know, dancing stops, and everyone writes down a good resolution for the New Year. You needn't put your name, so you can say just what you like. Then, when midnight's past, someone reads the good resolutions aloud, and prizes may be given for the funniest. Well, the crowd at the B.-B.s' wrote down their good resolutions and they were all shaken together in a bag. Presently old Bullyon-Boundermere stood up and began to read them aloud (the poor wretches had a lot of swagger prizes ready), and oh, my dear, my dear! what do you think most of the people had written as their good resolution? "*Never to come here again!*"

Have you heard the rumour that spring coats are to be quite, quite short and hats small and saucy, also that gowns will be flouncier and frillier, and that with these more joyous and expansive frocks plenty of laughter will be correct? Ever thine, BLANCHE.

ONE CANDIDATE TO THE OTHER.

BILLY, old boy, we've had a merry fight. Arguing, ranting, raving, day and night, Much as a pair of monomaniacs might.

But let me whisper, ere the frantic din Which marks the close of battle shall begin,
I hope with all my heart that you'll get in!

'Tis not that I have wavered in my creed; I'm ready, as before, to fight and bleed For Unionism. Yes, I am indeed.

I still regard your Budget as a curse, A Socialistic plot, a—something worse; I can't explain it very well in verse.

I still believe your policy would tend To cause our mighty Empire to descend To very small potatoes in the end.

I still esteem the House of Lords—but stay, Why need I tell you this? I'll merely say I grow more Tory-minded every day.

Nor is it, Billy, that I lack the grit To show my face at Westminster, and sit Among the Nation's Chosen. Not a bit.

But I am very fearful, I confess; And this is what occasions my distress— I never could live up to *The Express!*

Physical Development.

From the catalogue of the National Loan Exhibition:—

"He is seated, wearing a wig and gown; his right elbow is on the table by his side; his left forefinger to his forehead; his left arm is bent and he has a ring on the little finger; his left hand rests on his hip."

Compare the above with the following passage from a concert programme:—

"A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow."

We have tried both positions and can recommend them to sufferers from any of the usual complaints.

"Colonel Seely, addressing a meeting at Liverpool, protested against the sinister attempts to stir up strife with Germany."

AN EXPLANATION. LATER.

Colonel Seely explains that what he really said at Liverpool was that the pauper disqualification would be removed and the number of Old Age Pensions thus increased.—*Bangalore Daily Post.*

In a big building it is often hard to catch the exact words.

"Boy scouts are entirely non-political. So also, but to a still greater degree, is the Boy Scouts Assistance Association."—*Evening Standard.*

The B.S.A.A. can never even have heard of the Budget.

THE ERNEST SMILES SELF-HELP RESTAURANT.

(Extracts from Prospectus)

"EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE SMILI."

MR. ERNEST SMILES, before resorting to the *Self-Help* regimen, suffered from cramp, club feet, diplopia, elasmobranchitis, pongo-pongo, the gorbles, and many other incurable ailments. He has now eliminated them all from his system and has demonstrated that he has benefited mentally as well as physically from the new treatment, by writing: (1) *Spiritual Law in the Vegetable World*; (2) *Suction Gas Breathing* (the standard work on the subject); by composing his famous *How to Pudding Polka*, dedicated to Mrs. Tita Bedale, and by winning back the Vegetarian Spillikins Championship in his forty-third year.

TRIAL TRIPS BY FAMOUS FEEDERS.

Before Mr. SMILES opened his Self-Help Restaurant to the public he had his recipes tested at sample meals by no fewer than six hundred private guests, with striking results. Among those guests were the Head Master of ETON, the Countess RATZ, Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, Mr. STEWART GRAY (the famous Hunger marcher), Mrs. Chickering Chipp, Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY (author of *The Needle in the Camel's Eye*), the Countess of WARWICK, Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Miss TRULY SHATTUCK, ALGERNON ASHTON, Esq., Mr. ALEXANDER URE (the Lord Advocate), Dr. BODIE, Mr. CODY, Mr. P. G. KONODY, and others.

AN ATTRACTIVE INTERIOR.

As you enter you see on both sides and in front of you various books by Mr. and Mrs. Smiles on theological as well as culinary topics; also their famous *batterie de cuisine* (including the notorious Collectivist Colander, the Esoteric Nutmeg Scraper, the Deep Sea Biplane Fryer with polyphonic gear) and various food specialities (such as Desiccated Infants' Soup Snuff, Proletariate Palatinoids, Salsify Galantine, Beet-root Chocolate, Mud Bath Buns, Iceland Moss Méringues, etc.). Beyond are the tables gay with bunting—Sir PERCY is himself an occasional visitor—and the waitresses with their deeply spiritual lineaments, magnificent *chevelures* and rich meatless fruity contralto voices.

STRANGE MEAL-FELLOWS.

As Mr. Harold Bulbo once happily remarked, the Self-Help Restaurant is the Cranks' Clearing House. Here you may see a notorious Mayfair *roué* mingling his tears with those of a retired bath-chair proprietor from Rotherhithe; a prize-fighter unaware that his next-door neighbour is in the running for the Laureateship; an archdeacon

hobnobbing with a fruitarian secularist; a famous actress terrified by the proximity of Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER; an international Rugby three-quarter fascinated by the adjacency of a militant Suffragette; or an athletic musician sharing a salmi of toad-stools with an anæmic musical critic.

SOCIETIES WHICH PATRONISE THE RESTAURANT.

Among the Societies that have held meetings at the Self-Help Restaurant are The Universal Interference League, The Vegetable Marrowtime League, The Scilly Islands Suffrage Association, The Banbury Cake Walkers, The Anti-Tannin Tea Tasters, The Cryptic Skipping-rope Guild, The Teetotal Ballet-dancers' League, The Incorporated Society of Vegetarian Sandwichmen, The Phrenological Temperance Wind Band, The Christian Science Sea-kale Club, The Anti-Bootlace Association, The Side-spring Hand-bell Ringers, The Vegetarian Lion-food Institute, The Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Criminals, The Infants' An-i-Sausage Society, The Compulsory Sunshine Society, The All-Veg. Universal Brotherhood, The Anti-Banana Side-up Society, The Amalgamated Toe-post Boot Subscription Dance Society, The Inner Light Society, The Anti-Saponians, The Anti-Forcible Feeders, The Ail-wool Dew-Bathers, The Barefoot Brigade, The Chestnut Salon, The National Feline Defence League (President, Baroness Puszkín), The Upper Tooting Almacks Club, The Farinaceous Free Fooders, The One Boy One Skate Association, and The Brixton Neo-Platonic Barley-water Federation.

THE SELF-HELP RESTAURANT PROGRAMME.

Monday, 17th.

11—1. School of Arctic Cookery.

2.30 P.M. Lecturette by Professor Bastable Chump: "Levitation," with musical illustration by the Lower Tooting Flute Quartet.

3.30 P.M. Sermonette: "The Duties of Demonology," by Madame Hesper Haddock, followed by Occult Dancing Class.

5 to 6.30 P.M. Lecturette: "How to tell Character by Tea Leaves," with Lime-light illustrations, by the Countess Ta-sila Banffy. ADMISSION FREE, including lime-juice.

7.0 P.M. Professor PETER LATHAM will lecture on the "Gnostic Propaganda of the Grille." Admission Free. A Silver Collection in aid of the Silver Grille.

8.0 P.M. Lecture by Miss Ediss Jaskit: "The Need of Hallucination," with Chirological illustrations by the Beckenham Tomato Omelette Coterie.

9.0—11.30 P.M. Annual Dance of the Occult Breathing League (President,

Blanco Mandible, Esq.). Admission, 1s. Lucky Tub Refre-hu-en. Tickets, 6d. each. Reincarnation Polkas, Gnostic Barn-dances, Psychometric Lancers, Sleep Cake-walking, by the President and Mrs. Delia Warlock, P.P.Q. To wind up with an astral supper on the roof garden, at which each guest will be given two simulation chestnut sausages, one magical mince-pie and a glass of psycho-sherbet.

SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

GENTLEMEN, will you be good enough to range yourselves outside the door for a moment, while I explain, for the benefit of anybody who happens to be reading this who you are, who I am, why you are on one side of the door and I on the other. At the end of that time I hope to be in a fit condition to admit you.

What happened, as counsel says, was this:—William and I agreed to share a flat in the Temple, and, having so agreed and told each other how nice that would be, we proceeded to take the flat and to occupy the same. Being mere men, we were a little surprised and pained to find no furniture in the rooms when we got there, for we had always imagined that rooms would at least furnish themselves. With the assistance of a West End firm, who had been established in the year 2 A.D. and on this occasion did most of the talking as befitted their age, we overcame that difficulty and settled down to live our happy life. But there were other surprises waiting for us. Rooms, it appears, are not only too lazy to furnish themselves but will not even take the trouble to clean themselves. Breakfast neither cooks nor lays itself, and things, speaking generally, do not happen unless they are made to.

Realising this with the utmost difficulty, we set about cooking and arranging a meal for ourselves, about which processes the less said the better. Suffice it that we managed to allay our immediate hunger and to nourish ourselves sufficiently to be able to smoke our pipes. Packing, lighting and combusting tobacco is the one process that men can satisfactorily manage for themselves.

They were ample pines, but eventually even they gave out. We felt physically comfortable but morally anxious as to why the remnants of our food stayed on the table so long. At last we were forced to the reluctant conclusion that the clearing of breakfast tables is another of those things which do not happen but are done. Food, plates, knives and forks will apparently sit on as you left them for ever unless menial pressure is brought to bear on them.



Socialist Orator. "WHAT YOU WANT, MY FINE FELLERS, IS THE RIGHT TO WORK."

Chorus of Unemployables. "WHAT O!"

"William," I said, "this table ought to be cleared by now."

"It ought," he answered. "I will ring the bell for the servants."

"There is no bell," I reminded him, wearily, "and there are no servants."

"Then," he said, "you must get a servant," and forthwith went off to stay with his people in the country. That was a week ago.

At first I could not think how one gets a servant. Now that I have mentioned the matter to my lady friends, I cannot think how one does not get fifty servants. It almost appears that these ladies do do something sometimes. Can it be the fact that they do not spend all their days idling in armchairs and looking beautiful? Can it be the truth that, when we men regard ourselves as going off to work in the morning, we are in reality being turned out of our own homes to go and do nothing but look important somewhere—where it does not matter, while the women are busy managing that part of the world that does matter? Anyhow, I had only to mention my servant difficulty to a few of the leading members of the sex to be besieged by applicants. A word in

your ear, before you make any invidious remarks: the gentlemen outside the door are the said applicants. Let me tell you why they are outside.

It is now ten o'clock a.m., the appointed hour for the interviews of candidates. The first knock woke me up. Why I was still then in bed was because last night was the first occasion on which I had succeeded in making a bed possible to sleep in. If I was thus unpunctual, it was not likely that one of the fifty competitors for the post of honour would give himself away by being late on the first morning, so that before I had nearly completed my bath they had all arrived. There then they all are on the other side of the door clamouring for admittance. "But," you will say, "surely it is the servant's job and not yours to open the front door?" My dear friends, you show that you are no more intelligent than William by the way you harp on servants that do not exist. The whole of my potential staff is on the wrong side of the latch, and I . . . But that was in my ludicrous and almost indecent past. Now I am dressed and physically capable of opening a door.

Welcome, gentlemen, to my modest premises. One of you is to be my loyal if incompetent manservant. The question is, which? Come, you shall all set yourselves to work. Cook this morning's breakfast, wash yesterday's breakfast things, clean the seven pairs of boots that are waiting to be cleaned and remove the *débris* of a week from my sitting-room. The man who does his work best is the successful candidate. Set to, gentlemen, for I have the hunger of a week in me. Once that is satisfied, I shall be most genial and easy to get on with. Who knows that I may not be so happy and pleased with life as to engage the whole fifty of you on the spot?

Political Candour.

"ENTHUSIASM FOR SIR C. CAYZER.
DENSE AUDIENCE AT THE TREDEGAR-HALL."
Western Mail.

From an article in *The Westminster Gazette* entitled "Under Protection in Austria-Hungary":—

"Food amongst this class is very coarse, and in the county of Zips it is only enjoyed six or seven times a year."

It must be really enjoyed then.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALTHOUGH a good deal of the plot of *The Settler* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is laid, as the name suggests, on virgin soil, I must confess that I prefer, as being more thrilling, that less r part which is enacted in the outskirts of civilised Winnipeg. Some twenty-five years ago, I gather, Winnipeg had a colony of Slavs of all varieties—Polak, Croatian, Magyar, and the rest—and they enjoyed nothing so much as a two days' marriage feast in true native style, with unlimited beer and a fight and a fair sprinkling of knife-wounds to finish up. Some of the members of this colony were anarchists with a great yearning to liberate Russia from the yoke of the tyrant—men who had escaped from Siberia, or just missed going there. There are exciting times in such company, and Mr. RALPH CONNOR provides these liberally. We are introduced to a blood feud (I will kill him. I have sworn the oath! Aha!), and things are lively until *Kalmar*, the avenger, is whipped away by the strong arm of the law. But of course an ordinary prison cannot hold him, and one looks for a brisk renewal of hostilities. The author, however, has a lot of local colour about settlers to work off, and so there is a long interval of settling, of a peaceable nature, during which one waits patiently for the reappearance of *Kalmar* and the fulfilment of the oath. At the end of the book he comes, but with a disappointing explosion-scheme which backfires and does for him as well as his victim. I was rather sorry about that, because, though *Kalmar* was an unpleasant customer, he was better than the other man, and I had a sneaking regard for him. But I dare say that is my bad taste.

The characters revolving round the *Faces in the Mist*

(CLARKE) are not wholly unfamiliar to the novel reader. There is the *nouveau riche* American who comes over to the still Free Trade market with a marriageable daughter. There is the heir-apparent to a peerage who in consultation with his father, impecunious equally with himself, comes to the conclusion that the million sterling understood to be the dowry pertaining to the imported article is worth annexing to an ancient barony. Lastly, there is the British lover, untitled and not too wealthy, who enters the lists against the embarrassed heir of the noble backwoodsman, in the end unhorses him and carries off the prize. These are the puppets of the play, of a class not specially attractive. That makes the more creditable the success achieved by Mr. STEUART. He tells a rattling good story, artfully set in succession in the effectively varied backgrounds of the Highlands and Egypt. He has a great gift of presenting in a few strokes a scenic picture. Through the centuries prose and verse have been lavished on the eternal hills; yet I do not remember anything more briefly or more finely phrased than Mr. STEUART's passing impression of a Scotch

mountain, the scene of a tragic episode in the story. Great grey crags, "massed in the grim indifference of everlasting strength." *Pamela*, the heiress, is a charming study of the American girl. More subtle is the portrayal of her father, patiently but unwillingly dragged by the chariot-wheels of a vulgarly ambitious wife who doesn't mean to go back "home" and face her friends until she has captured at least the eldest son of a peer. By a pleasant paradox *Faces in the Mist* is a breezy book, full of life and colour.

When I was a child I found many disadvantages in my condition. I looked forward with confidence to growing up and becoming important. Now authors and playwrights combine to make me ashamed of being no longer a child. To-day it is not the thing to be grown up. Indeed, Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD suggests and warmly advocates a cure

for adulthood. *The Education of Uncle Paul* (MACMILLAN) is undertaken by Niece Nixie, and directed to this point: that you can be a child even up to the ripe age of eighty provided you take the right view of things. You must, as *Uncle Paul* soon learns, stop trying to look serious; you must realise that clouds and dreams are the things that matter, that politics and meals are the things that do not. Nixie herself is the sweetest child, full of imagination and affection, wisdom and inconsequence. As a teacher she is less satisfactory, even tiresome. She knows too much; she explains too logically. Children, I know, can find their way "through the crack which divides yesterday from to-day," but when they discuss that process metaphysically they cease to be children. Thus, charmed though I was with the phantasy and the poetry of the book, I came at the end of it to three prosaic and rather dismal conclusions. The first, that we tend nowadays to spoil the invaluable child by injudicious booming and excessive limelight; the second, that we deceive our-



"GREAT PERCY! 'OW DID THEY KNOW I WAS SUCH A LOATHARIO?"

selves in supposing that we can be real children without being young; the third, that there is, after all, something to be said for growing up.

THE AWAY OF IT.

"WHITHER away?"—that was the light-heart tone,
Our careless greeting, on that summer's day;
Little I guessed life should grow dark and lone
With her away.

But that's the kind of prank Fate loves to play:
You roam from temperate to torrid zone,
And ransack life; "A fig for love!" you say,
"And all his fetters;" then some Jill or Joan
Trips round the corner, "just by chance," and—hey!
Without her all the joys your life has known
Wither away!

"The will has been proved of the late Mr. —, who died intestate."
Daily Express.

Tariff Reform means more of this.